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[LANCASHIRE WORTHIES.]

JOHN DALTON.

BY birth, the originator of the Atomic theory belongs not to Lancashire, but to the neighbouring county of Cumberland. Dalton's scientific fame is, however, so intimately associated with the city of his adoption that the omission of his name would leave an unseemly blank in any comprehensive catalogue of Lancashire Worthies. Fifty of the seventy-eight years of John Dalton's life were passed in Manchester. It was here that he made his great discovery, and it was first communicated to the world of science in the memoirs of our Literary and Philosophical Society. The city in which he had lived and died bestowed on him the rare honour of a public funeral. Statues of Dalton adorn our public spaces and institutions. One of our principal streets is called by his name. Our local university has its Dalton scholarships and Dalton prizes. Born and bred elsewhere, John Dalton may be regarded as almost a "Manchester man."

The 5th of September, 1776, was the day, and Eaglesfield, a hamlet some three miles to the south-west of Cockermouth, was the place of John Dalton's birth. He was thus by twenty-three years the junior of Lavoisier, and twelve years Humphrey Davy's senior, while by a curious coincidence Dalton's birth-year was also that of Wollaston, the chief popularizer of the atomic theory. Dalton's father came of a family of Cumberland yeomen, which in the preceding generation had joined the Society of Friends, and he occupied a very humble cottage on a small property belonging to an elder brother, on whose death it became his own. At the time of John's birth he was a woollen-weaver, earning by the produce of his hand-loom a scanty livelihood, which his wife eked out by the sale of paper, ink, and quills. The elder Dalton, however, was a man of some intelligence, and even accomplishment, at least in mathematics, cultivators of which, in the days of our grandfathers, were often to be found in the humblest rank, scattered through nooks and corners of the North of England. John and his elder brother Jonathan received some mathematical instruction from their father, whose circumstances were improved by the death of their uncle, when they migrated from a hut to a farm-house. The two boys were sent to a Quaker school kept in the meeting-house of the society at Eaglesfield, by an excellent teacher. Dalton's progress was so great that at twelve he himself began to teach, in the intervals of labour, on what was now his father's farm, and the pupils, it is said, sometimes challenged their boy-teacher to fight when he insisted on preserving order. Health of body, a rugged independence of character, the habit of solving difficult problems by and for himself, along with the faculty of imparting what he knew to others, were the chief acquisitions of the little Cumberland boy among his native hills, and they served him in good stead during his subsequent career.

At fifteen he joined his brother Jonathan as an assistant in a school, kept by one of their cousins at Kendal. The removal to that quaint old town proved of great importance to him, for there he made the friendship of a Mr. Gough, who, though blind from childhood, was a zealous and instructed cultivator of science, and possessed of the means, apparatus, and leisure for scientific study and investigation. Of this Gough there is a sketch in the *Excursion*, and in humble prose Wordsworth pronounced him to be "a most extraordinary person." From him Dalton learned to make meteorological observations, and a scientific library and apparatus were now at the command of the student. Meanwhile their cousin gave up the school to the two brothers, and in 1785 they announced the fact to "their Friends and the Public in General." The proprietorship of the school did not put them in possession of an El Dorado. They had to try to add a few pounds to their income from the school by collecting rents, searching registers, and even making wills. In an "N.B." added to the circular which they issued in the second year of their partnership, they took, with considerable naïvete, the world of Westmoreland into their confidence:—"The Public may also be informed," said the brothers in all simplicity of heart, "that they could conveniently teach a considerable number more than at present." To say the truth, Dalton Brothers were exceedingly uncouth young men, and the elder one was dreadfully severe. John was milder than Jonathan; and, indeed, was often so occupied during school hours with his own mathematical studies as not to notice the shortcomings of his pupils. When flogging-time came, it was John's duty merely to hold the boys while his brother whipt them, and on one occasion the amount of punishment bestowed caused considerable local discussion. More congenial occupation, he solved mathematical problems for prizes in the *Gentleman's and Lady's Diary*. He accumulated and philosophized on meteorological observations in that rainy district, and delivered subscription lectures at the school. He made barometers and thermometers of his own, experimented on hygrometers of whip-cord; he botanized and collected butterflies. Yet something told the young Quaker schoolmaster that mere pedagogy could not be his be-all and his end-all. When he was twenty-four he even ventured to hint at his ambition to a Quaker-uncle, a Mr. Thomas Crump, whose rebuke of his too aspiring nephew happens to have been preserved. John had hinted that he would like to study physic or law. Law and physic, Mr. Crump rejoined, in a decidedly crusty letter, are "totally out of the reach of a person in thy circumstances. If thou art tired of being a teacher, and wishes to change it for some more lucrative or agreeable employment, and could'st be content, instead of being a physician or barrister, to move in the humble sphere of apothecary or attorney, thou might'st perhaps be able, with a little capital and great industry, to establish thyself in one of these." But for neither apothecaryship nor attorneyship had the young Dalton the slightest inclination.

A few years later and his modest ambition was suitably gratified. The Manchester New College, years ago removed from our midst, was then a comparatively flourishing institution. It had grown out of the once famous Warrington Academy, where Priestley, Aikin, Enfield, and Gilbert Wakefield had taught. His friend Gough, of Kendal, was asked to recommend it a tutor in mathematics and natural philosophy. Dalton was recommended and appointed. With his acceptance of the appointment, in 1793, began his long residence in Manchester, terminating only at his death. He remained tutor in the college for six years, teaching mathematics, natural philosophy, and chemistry, and using for the last science, among other text books, the *Elements* of Lavoisier, who, after revolutionizing chemistry, fell a victim to the French Revolution during the Reign of Terror. In the last year of his tutorship, Dalton had twenty-two students. "Although Manchester is now multiplied by four, it cannot show the same number, and I fear that the love of external things has overpowered the love of science." Such, in mentioning the fact, is the significant comment of Dr. Robert Angus Smith, an eminent cultivator of Dalton's own science, who, like him, has made Manchester the city of his adoption, and to whose admirable and exhaustive memoir of Dalton the writer of this slight sketch gratefully acknowledges his obligations.

After the close of his tutorship in the New College, Dalton supported himself by private teaching and by making analyses. He was, says Dr. Smith, "probably the earliest in the district of that class of scientific men called 'professional chemists,' who have risen as a necessity of the time, and by private establishments, have made some compensation for the lack of public institutions and professorships." Dalton's gains could not have been great, if we are to judge by his profits as a private teacher. "He gave lessons for very small fees, from 1s. 6d. to 2s. 6d. a lesson." But his wants were few, his habits were frugal, and he always contrived to save something towards a provision for old age. Soon after arriving in Manchester, he published (in 1793) his first book, the *Meteorological Essays and Observations*, and in the following year he was elected a member of the Manchester Literary and Philosophical Society, his proposers being Thomas Henry, Dr. Percival, and Robert Owen, the socialist. His first paper was read to it in the month of his election, and was on that peculiarity of vision observed in himself and others, which has been called after him Daltonism. He became successively its secretary, vice-president, and president, and early in the course

of his connection with it, a portion of its room was placed at his disposal as a laboratory, a courtesy which he repaid by making the society his confidant throughout his scientific career, and by making its memoirs the contemporaneous record of most of his researches and discoveries.

Dalton passed from mathematics through meteorology to chemistry, and his greatest achievements bear the impress of his earlier studies. His first papers, read from 1794 to 1803 before the Manchester Literary and Philosophical Society, include the results of enquiries into the dynamics of gases and elastic vapours, and especially to the action of heat on them. Some of the discoveries communicated in these papers were of the most remarkable kind, and, through the publicity they received in the Memoirs of the Society, his name became familiar to the *savans* of Europe. The first hint of the Atomic theory was given in almost an appendix to a paper read before the Literary and Philoposhical Society, on the 21st of October, 1803, treating of "the absorption of gases by water and other liquids." After maturing his hypothesis into a theory, Dalton communicated it in conversation to Dr. Thomson, by whom, and not by the originator, it was first published in its totality to the world. Intimations of the Atomic theory are to be found in the writings of predecessors, but to Dalton belongs the glory of having given it completeness of form and immutable stability. Dalton's great theory was elaborated three years before Davy's brilliant discovery of the metallic basis of the alkalis, and on that as to all previous and subsequent chemical discoveries it bestows a value which would otherwise have been wanting. Dalton, it is now generally admitted, first made chemistry a science when he proved that the primary atoms of which the universe is hypothetically composed combine (1) in constant proportions; for instance, that water, wherever it is found, consists of exactly the same weight of oxygen in combination with the same weight of hydrogen; (2) in multiple proportions, that is, that when one body combines with another in several proportions, the higher ones are multiples of the first and lowest; and (3) in reciprocal proportions, so that if two bodies combine in certain proportions with a third, they combine in the very same proportions with each other. Speaking of the Atomic theory and the "grand idea" given by it of "the law and order which prevail in Nature," the late Dr. George Wilson eloquently exclaims:—"In the light of it, there is nowhere any 'fortuitous concourse of atoms,' as the Roman poet proclaimed of old; no crash or collision, no strife or warfare, when they meet together, as Milton sang, in relation to the embryo atoms of his chaos. According to this view, the courses of the planets around the sun are not more surely ordered than the movements of these invisible spheres round the centres of force which they obey. Arcturus and Orion know not their places better than each tiny gold or hydrogen atom which adds its weight to swell the sum total of the universe. And if poets of old have sung of the music of the spheres which the telescope unfolds to us, poets, we doubt not, will yet be found to sing of the harmony, as true and as wonderful, which attends the movements of those which the finest microscope will never reveal."

While the Atomic theory was slowly making way, Davy himself being at first among the sceptics, the man whose name was soon to be recognized as one of the foremost in the history of science, was quietly plodding on in Manchester. He boarded with the Rev. W. Johns, in George Street, formerly a colleague at the New College, and his choice of a residence was characteristic. "In the autumn of 1804, Miss Johns saw him casually pass, and asked him why he never came to see them. Dalton said, 'I do not know, but I will come and live with you if you will let me.' He did so, and took possession of the only bed room at liberty, sitting with the family. In this family he lived for twenty-six years in the greatest amity, until Mr. Johns, giving up the school, sought a purer air in the suburbs of the town." Dalton's day went like clock-work. He rose early, proceeded from his lodging in George Street to the room provided for him by the Manchester Literary and Philosophical Society. Then he lighted his own fire, dusted the desks for his pupils, and then he went home to breakfast. The stroke of nine found him ready for his pupils, when he taught till twelve or one. If he had an interval of leisure before his one o'clock dinner, he would read the newspapers at the Portico. After a hurried dinner, at which he drank only water, he returned to his laboratory, then as always, if there were pupils in attendance, managing to pursue his own researches or meditations by giving them problems to solve. At five came a cup of tea, followed by a return to the laboratory, then presumably pupilless, at six. When the labours of the day were over, a light supper at nine preceded a pipe, and the discoverer of the Atomic theory was in bed at ten. This life was diversified by few events more striking than an afternoon game at bowls once a week, and an annual excursion in the summer to the hills of his native Cumberland. Dalton never married, though he seems to have been once in love, or very near it, with a fair Quakeress of Lancaster. But, as became a philosopher, he took the complaint in its mildest form, and does not appear to have suffered from it a second time.

He had delivered lectures at the London Royal Institution in 1804, and again in Edinburgh in 1807, but his greatest (in every sense) journey from home was a visit which he paid to Paris in 1822. This was the year in which the Royal Society made its first tardy recognition of his merits, by spontaneously electing him a member. Previously, the only notice taken of him in "high quarters" had been a sort of offer, made through Sir Humphrey Davy (in 1818), and declined by Dalton, that he should undertake the scientific department of one of Sir John Franklin's Polar expeditions. Meanwhile, the French Academy of Sciences had elected him a corresponding member, and on his visit to Paris, of which he always spoke afterwards with delight, he received the most cordial welcome from the scientific celebrities of France, from Laplace and Cuvier, as from Arago and Biot. In 1826, the Royal Society made some amends by voting him the first of the gold medals, just then founded, as annual scientific prizes, by George IV., and on this occasion Davy, who had become a convert, spoke of the Atomic theory in language worthy of it and of himself. Four years later, the French Academy of Sciences elected him, in succession to Sir Humphrey, one of its eight foreign associates; and at the second—the Oxford—meeting of the British Association, in 1832, even the ancient university by the Isis did him the honour of making him a D.C.L., along with Brewster, Faraday, and Robert Brown. These were distinctions, no doubt, but Dalton was now sixty-six, and entirely dependent on his own resources. Influential men solicited a pension for him, and, after the usual struggle, one of £150 a year was granted in 1833, increased to £300 a year in 1836. In the interval, friends and admirers in Manchester gained courage from the unmistakeable recognition of Dalton's merit in the high places of the world, to promote, in 1834, a subscription for the statue by Chantrey which stands now in the entrance-hall of our Royal Institution. It was in the same year that he was presented at Court, wearing the scarlet robes of a Doctor of Laws over his Quaker dress. His part in the ceremony had been carefully rehearsed before he appeared at St. James's, and his successful performance of it was watched with great gusto by Mr. Babbage. "I heard," says the inventor of the Calculating Machine, "one officer say to another: 'who the d—l is that fellow whom the king keeps talking to so long.'" The increased pension did not come too soon, for in 1837 Dalton had an attack of paralysis, and his strength gradually declined, so that when in 1842 the British Association held its meeting in Manchester, he was not in a state to discharge the duties of president, and the office was assigned to the Earl of Ellesmere. Dalton died on the 24th of May, 1844, and then, Dr. Angus Smith remarks, "as is usually the case on the death of an eminent man, the first proof was furnished to many persons that he was once alive." Although the Society of Friends protested, the authorities of Manchester gave him a civic funeral. His remains, in a lead coffin within an oaken one, were placed in the Town Hall, and during several days 40,000 visitors defiled before them. On the 12th of August, they were removed to their final resting place in Ardwick Cemetery, followed by a funeral train a mile in length, past crowds of on-lookers, and through streets in which all business was suspended. A bronze statue, copied from Chantrey's marble, shares with those of Peel, Wellington, and Watt, the distinction of a place in front of the Infirmary. Better still, a sum of upwards of £3,000 was raised, with which Dalton scholarships and Dalton prizes were founded in Owens College.

John Dalton was of the middle size, and, in his prime, athletic and muscular. His forehead and the upper part of his face bore a strong resemblance to those of Sir Isaac Newton, and the British Association, at its Cambridge meeting in 1833, is said to have been much impressed by his likeness to Roubiliac's statue of Sir Isaac in Trinity College Chapel. In demeanour he was calm and undemonstrative. His voice was gruff, and he was no great talker. Altogether he seems to have

been a homely man of somewhat prosaic, though pure, honourable, and independent character. His genius for discovery culminated in the Atomic theory. He did not advance with the progress of his science, and in his self-subsistence and indifference to the achievements of his contemporaries, as in his disinterested and unflagging devotion to one pursuit, he resembled another famous Cumberland man, his contemporary Wordsworth, the poet.

THE MANCHESTER ARTISTS' EXHIBITION.

THE annual exhibition of the paintings, drawings, and sketches, by the members, associates, and students of the Manchester Academy of Art—the real Manchester picture exhibition of the year—was opened at the Royal Institution on Tuesday evening with great *éclat*—in fact, comfort and convenience considered, with a trifle too much. We cannot be far wrong in regarding the immense gathering at the conversazione as a tribute to the position which our new Manchester School is slowly but surely achieving in the world of art; and the only subject for regret is the very limited and altogether inadequate period during which the collection is on view.

As a whole, the pictures this year show no falling off from the excellence of former years; in many individual cases there is a marked improvement; whilst as to number, both of works and contributors, there seems to be a decided increase. The contributors are:—Messrs. Adshead, W. D. Barker, E. M. Bancroft, J. H. Barnes, Warwick Brookes, R. Crozier, Hayes, Heys, William Hull, Hadfield, Keeling, Knight, John H. Letherbrow, Livett, Marsh, Measham, Mennie, Morton, Redford, Robinson, Selim Rothwell, T. H. Rothwell, Rodgers, George Sheffield, C. H. Slater, Somerset, Tavaré, Ward, H. C. Whaite, Joseph Wake, F. A. Winkfield, and C. Wright. Our notes on their contributions must necessarily be brief, and to some extent inadequate, partly because our opportunities have been limited, partly because the time allowed for the examination of the works by the public is so short; but by pointing out some of the most complete pictures and most artistic sketches and studies, we hope to convey some idea of the general character of the collection.

One of the best and most notable pictures is The Harpsichord, by Mr. A. H. Marsh, which, in a less finished state, was exhibited at the Royal Academy last year. It is by far the highest in merit of all the works he has hitherto shown in Manchester, the composition and drawing being excellent, and the colour showing no signs of that tendency to blackness which has marred the entire success of some of his former pictures. Mr. Marsh's oil painting Baiting the Lines is also very powerful and every way admirable, and so are his three smaller works.

Mr. Joseph Knight has sixteen pictures and sketches, and it is hardly necessary to say more than that they are all quite equal to what is to be expected from him, and some even superior. In the drawing called Fairy Tales, the scheme of colour is original, and while it is intensely powerful, it is full of charming delicacy and subtlety of gradation. So is A Little Peasant, though the key of colour in which it is painted makes it easier of achievement than the last. Coming Ashore, a fisher-boy nearing the land after his day's toil, is full of reality and very luminous. No one in the Academy sketches with a facility like to Mr. Knight, but his sketches are too well-known to need description here.

Only one small oil painting represents Mr. H. C. Whaite, but it is in his best manner, for The Harvest on the Mountains is nearly free from those peculiarities of manipulation so general in his large oil pictures, and always absent from his small water-colour drawings.

Mr. George Sheffield has several large water-colours this year, all very original, excellently drawn and poetically treated; but their colour is certainly peculiar, they seem a little too monochromatic. His studies in compositions in sepia, of which there are a large number, are most interesting.

Mr. Warwick Brookes has attained far more power and mechanical skill in the management of colour than he has hitherto shown,—witness A Garden in Hambledon, Surrey, and Bed-time,—while his pen-and-ink drawings are as charming and unsurpassed as ever.

Mr. William Morton has several most conscientious drawings of landscapes, all of which show great improvement; to mention a few—A Moorland Road is very truthful and fresh; On the Irwell is capital in tone; so are A Moorland Stream, and Near Chapel-le-Frith.

The English Lake District is illustrated this year by Mr. William Hull, of whose works Rydal Water in Winter may be specially selected for its delicacy and refinement, and as a novel treatment of such a subject; the lake being frozen over and peopled with skaters.

The towns and cities of Italy are described by Mr. Selim Rothwell in a long series of sketches small and large, full of admirable taste as to selection and *artistic* architectural drawing.

Mr. W. H. Heys is powerful and numerous as usual; all his sketches are full of vigour and courage; and where there are so many good qualities and so much evident industry, it seems a pity that more time had not been given to one or two of them, so that they might have been carried to completion as pictures.

Mr. George Hayes' work this year is as artistic as usual, and as Mr. Hayes is a thorough artist, more need not be said; all his sketches (Welsh interiors and landscapes) are admirable.

The portrait painters represented are three: Messrs. Crozier, Keeling, and Measham. Of these, Mr. Measham's picture of Dr. Boutflower, of Salford, is worthy of the highest praise. None of the qualities necessary in a portrait are wanting; the likeness is admirable, the *pose* easy and unconventional, and the colour quiet and pleasing. Mr. Measham has made a great stride. Mr. Crozier has several portraits and pictures, and a number of very clever life studies. Dido, a portrait just finished of a little girl, is quite one of Mr. Crozier's best. Mr. Keeling, the President of the Academy, has only one picture, an "unfinished" portrait, which therefore cannot be fairly criticised. It is very brilliant in colour, but will want much toning down to make it harmonious.

There are no architectural drawings. The architects who belong to the Academy are, with one exception, conspicuous by their absence. A collection of designs in this branch of art would be a real public service, and much more popular than it would have been say half a dozen years ago. May we hope for an effort in this direction next year? We miss from the list of the Academy the names of some Manchester men whose adhesion would still further enhance its fame, and whose reputation would receive additional lustre from their hearty co-operation with a society which has already done so much for the interests of local art. Its cause is their cause, and in art, as in most other things, union is strength and power.

MR. BARRY SULLIVAN.

THE reappearance of a favourite actor after a prolonged absence is attended by old playgoers with anticipated and mingled feelings of pleasure and misgiving; with sanguine hopes that former gratifications may be renewed, accompanied by doubts lest the actor's powers may have decayed, that any failings or mannerisms may have been confirmed, and that the idol of a former time may be knocked from his pedestal by a new and perverse generation. It was with some such feelings that we visited the Prince's Theatre last Monday evening, to see Mr. Barry Sullivan, after an absence of years from this city, with one short exception, when he played under very adverse circumstances for a few nights at the Queen's Theatre, and during which visit we did not see him. At the outset of this notice we may say at once that our hopes were fully realized and our fears dispelled, and, so far as Mr. Sullivan was concerned, he came through the ordeal triumphantly. Time has matured his powers, and his former excellence has moulted no feather during his prolonged absence. His representation of Hamlet is a most chaste, dignified, and polished performance, carefully and elaborately worked out in all its details. Indeed, the different phases of the character are so admirably blended together into one harmonious whole, that one is almost tempted to wonder what has become of the sudden contrasts and abrupt bursts of stage fury to which some actors have accustomed us. Mr. Sullivan has evidently laid to heart the advice given by Hamlet to the player, "in the very tempest and whirlwind of your passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness."

Fully twenty years have elapsed since Mr. Barry Sullivan became the leading actor of the stock company of the Manchester Theatre Royal. Succeeding in that capacity such favourites as Mr. Butler, Mr. Brooke, and others, he came to this town almost unheralded and unknown, and

comparatively a stripling, but he quickly established himself as a great favourite. He had previously performed at Edinburgh and other places, and immediately before coming here he played a season's engagement at Liverpool, where he has ever since remained a prodigious favourite. Incidentally, we may here remark that Liverpool has always been the staunchest of towns towards its theatrical favourites; witness the career of the Vandenhoffs, Brooke, Basil Baker, Jim Browne, and others, all of whom regarded it almost as their home, even after they had established themselves in London. At this time Mr. Sullivan was only feeling his way, but in Liverpool his performance of Claude Melnotte attracted considerable notice. This part has always remained a favourite one both with the actor and the public, albeit Claude is but a meretricious hero after all. Nevertheless, so long as audiences continue to sympathise with the struggles between love and pride (accompanied by a good deal of mawkish sentimentality), and participate in the woes of that lugubrious individual, the husband of Mrs. Haller, so long will *The Lady of Lyons* and *The Stranger* maintain their positions on the stage.

When Mr. Sullivan came to Manchester he at once made for himself a position as an exponent and interpreter of the "romantic drama." Endowed naturally with a lithe and graceful figure, which he still possesses unimpaired, a most musical voice, and a picturesque and showy style, with much breadth of execution, he was then, and continues still to be, the most successful representative of the characters in which the late James Wallack was such a proficient, and at the present day we do not know his equal in such parts as Alessandro Massaroni in *The Brigand*, William Tell, Julian St. Pierre, Don Felix, Ruy Gomez, not to mention Hamlet, Benedick, Falconbridge, and other Shakesperean characters. Mr. Fechter is good in such parts, but the foreign accent of both him and Mr. Bandmann, in addition to certain physical disadvantages, are obstacles against their complete and unequivocal success. Mr. Sullivan is a trained elocutionist, and is gifted with a certain realistic intense power, which enables him to portray with great vividness inward passions and emotions by outward but subdued demonstration. As instances of this power, which is rare, we may mention the death of King John under the influence of poison as portrayed by Mr. Macready—a scene of infinite horror, but redeemed from all pensiveness by the genius of the actor. Mr. C. Kean's death scene in *Louis the Eleventh* was likewise a forcible illustration of the same remarkable and subtle power. So, also, is Miss Helen Faucit's delineation of Iolanthe, the blind daughter of King René, a part in which the loss of sight is depicted with marvellous fidelity and truth. That Mr. Sullivan has power in this way is manifest in many of his characters, such as Richelieu, Richard the Third, Matthew Elmore in *Love's Sacrifice*, and notably in *The Gamester*, where Beverley, like King John, dies under the influence of poison.

Mr. Sullivan did well to choose the part of Hamlet as his reintroduction to the Manchester stage. It was in this part that he first made his great hit, when a modest member of the Theatre Royal company. Previously he had been very successful in inferior parts, and in T. P. Cook's character of Long Tom Coffin he made somewhat of a sensation. He also played Macduff and other second parts to Mr. Macready, Mr. Kean, and Mr. Vandenhoff, a training which no doubt he benefitted by. After a close and protracted study of Hamlet, he essayed the character for the first time (in Manchester at least), and he at once took higher ground. The play was brought out with no pomp or circumstance, and owing to Mr. Sullivan's acting alone drew large audiences. Encouraged by this, he seemed, as it were, to "grow" artistically, and before quitting Manchester he played a round of the principal characters with which he has since become identified in all parts of this country, America, and Australia. On leaving Manchester, he accepted an engagement at the Haymarket Theatre, London, where he played for some time and met with the approval of metropolitan audiences. He then played several starring engagements in the provinces, revisiting Manchester on several occasions. Subsequently he went an extensive tour through the United States, proceeding thence to Australia. There he encountered some difficulties, which have been ascribed to professional jealousy and opposition, but, nothing daunted, he took the management of the Melbourne Theatre Royal into his own hands, and produced a series of revivals of Shakespere's plays in a manner hitherto unattempted in the colony. In fact, he and Mr. Brooke may be almost said to have built up the Australian stage. Since his return, a few years since, he has been chiefly connected with Drury Lane Theatre, where he played alternate leading characters with Mr. Phelps, and received special praise for his rendering of the part of Falconbridge in *King John*. His recent management of the new Holborn Theatre added to his reputation as an actor, but unfortunately was not pecuniarily successful.

It is a characteristic of Mr. Sullivan's acting that he rises with the occasion, and when a supreme effort is required he is equal to it. Truth compels us to say that he was very inadequately supported on Monday evening. The tragedy was well mounted, but no amount of good scenery and appointments will compensate for poor acting. Mr. Sullivan was obliged to prompt the representatives of the King, Laertes, Horatio, and the Player, constantly throughout the play, and had it not been for his great stage experience and presence of mind, he might have been seriously embarassed more than once by the antics of Rosencrantz and Guildenstern. We expected to have found Mr. Calvert representing the Majesty of Buried Denmark, but in this we were disappointed, and Mr. Wainwright, whom we had last seen as a frog in the act of being gobbled up by a large duck in the pantomime, reappeared with significant appropriateness as the Ghost. He played it sufficiently well to mitigate our regret at the manager's absence. Whether it was intended as a further compensation we cannot say, but Mr. Raymond, as the King, contrived to give so good an imitation of Mr. Calvert in look, voice, and gesture, that had they both appeared, the counterfeit presentment of the two brothers might have been more closely alike than the text warranted. Laertes showed more spirit than usual, but really his scowling at the pit was rather too bad. Horatio, the scholar, and Hamlet's fellow-student, took sad liberties with his h's, and called a head an 'ed. Miss Fanny Brough is as yet but a novice, although a very pleasing looking young lady, and her appearance as Ophelia is quite premature. As a set-off to these strictures, it gives us pleasure to say that the veteran Mr. Rae represented Polonius, and although he perhaps unavoidably made the old chamberlain a trifle too senile, he performed the part with true Shakesperean spirit, and Mr. C. Leclercq was an excellent representative of the First Gravedigger.

TOWN TALK,

AND THINGS IN GENERAL.

BAD DWELLINGS IN MANCHESTER.

"NOTHING can be more satisfactory," said Mr. Alderman Rumney, at the last City Council meeting, "than the cottages which have been erected under the Artizans' and Labourers' Dwellings Act." So the Council has begun to move at last. This intimation, the first that anything at all was being done, is pleasant enough, only we should like to hear more. We should like to know where the experiment has been tried, how much it cost, whether it is to be repeated, and how far it has justified the furious opposition which the Council, led by Sir Joseph Heron, waged against the very measure it has now begun to put in operation. At the same meeting, Councillor Walker, a great authority, we believe, of the Property Owners' Association, expressed his opinion that the Act ought to be brought to bear upon the dens of fever in Millgate and its vicinity, and that the Health Committee, under its powers, should demolish them. Even councils and property-owners learn sometime it seems, but we must say they are very slow about it.

TRAMWAYS POSTPONED.

The effect of the government bill upon the subject of tramways—if it passes: which of course it will—is to postpone for a short time the laying down of them. We are glad the government have taken steps to facilitate the universal construction of these great public conveniences; yet we cannot but regret that the people of this neighbourhood will be deprived of them for some time longer than they otherwise would have been. However, in the interval it takes to get the government bill into working order, a little common sense may diffuse itself amongst the members of our corporation; and they may not be unwilling, when the opportunity presents itself again, to let their constituents have the benefit of civilization. Our readers will, by this, have had enough of a discussion in which all the good arguments are on one side and all the bad ones on the other; but we venture to allude once more to the subject

in order to obviate any impression that might arise, from the suspension of the bills now before parliament and the delay in the construction of the trams, that the scheme has in any way fallen through. This is not so. It is all alive and—waiting, till the effect of this public measure is seen. Meanwhile, the idea is increasing in popularity, and is indeed regarded, though with considerable disapproval by many of "the people who govern," with the almost unanimous approbation of "the people who are governed."

SUNDAY OMNIBUSES.

A little—a very little—agitation (if pious people ever are agitated) has been endeavoured to be got up in the neighbourhood of Cheetham Hill, to induce the omnibus and cab proprietors to withdraw their vehicles from the village upon what the agitators call "the Sabbath," meaning Sunday. They allege as reasons—(why *will* unreasonable people always reason so?)—the injury done to the spiritual welfare of the drivers and the village, which "does much to counteract the labours of Sabbath-school teachers (meaning Sunday-school teachers) and Ministers of the Gospel." How the occasional passing of a 'bus damages the spiritual welfare of the village we are not Jesuitical enough to understand; but if it "does much to counteract" the teaching and preaching of such mawkish sentimentalism as this, we are heartily glad. The spiritual welfare of a 'bus-driver never occurred to us before, but we should think it is best consulted by giving him as little time as possible to spend in beerhouses, and by keeping him away from such teaching and preaching as aforesaid. If Sunday schools and Gospel ministrations were the *summum bonum* of existence, it might well be urged on behalf of omnibuses and cabs that they help a hundred times more people to those Sunday-schools and Gospel ministrations than they keep away from them. But the true plea is, that public convenience imperatively demands the means of quick and sheltered locomotion on a Sunday. We can only wonder how the benighted heathens of (say) Longsight tolerate the monstrous deprivation of such convenience with which they are afflicted; and, when we see another district agitating for the same absurdity, we can only cry, "How full of fools is this workaday world!"

THE RECORDER'S SENTENCE ON KING.

A local daily paper of Tuesday last made a terrific onslaught on Mr. West, Q.C., for the light sentence which he passed on King, embezzler. In justice to the Recorder, however, it should be remarked that he is not fairly open to the charge made against him by that journal of having gratuitously invaded the province of the moralist. When the jury find a prisoner guilty, it is the duty of the judge to apportion his punishment to the magnitude of his offence; and in order to determine that magnitude, the judge must necessarily discharge the function of the moralist. At the present assizes, one of two joint committers of a crime got fifteen years penal servitude, the other five months imprisonment. Statutes do not appoint rigidly specific terms of punishment: within wide specified limits judges must appoint the term to be inflicted; and to do thus they must moralise. Mr. West, then, was right in moralising; he was only wrong in moralising aloud. He was right in thinking what he said, but he was wrong in saying what he thought. Mr. Baron Martin, being once confronted by another judge's reasons, pithily observed that when that other judge had been as long upon the bench as he had, he would give no reasons. Perhaps, it would have been as well if Mr. West had taken Baron Martin's hint; but, though he moralised eccentrically, he was not exceeding his functions in moralising at all. And in palliation of the lightness of the sentence upon King, it ought to be remarked that, when the prosecution does not seem to press a case, it is customary not to be severe. That the custom of paying the least attention to the wishes of prosecutors is a bad one, we believe; but it is hard on Mr. West to make him the scapegoat of his kind.

A POETICAL TOWN COUNCILLOR.

We regret to announce that one of the members of the Manchester Town Council is suffering from an alarming attack of *cacosthes scribendi*. The most melancholy circumstance connected with this virulent plague is that, unless immediately perceived and resolutely sat upon by some kind friend in a manner that at once terminates the friendship, it is almost invariably followed by distressing and enduring consequences. *Litera scripta manet* is the most usual and sad result; and when that *litera scripta* takes the form of a sixteen-paged pamphlet in a green cover, as in the present instance, the case is truly painful. We have a large experience of this terrible affliction, and we know that when the fit is over, especially if it have taken rhythmical form, nobody is so much ashamed of it as the poor convalescent himself. We, therefore, charitably suppress the name of the invalid in question; and we should not mention his disease, did we not know that a recovery is oftenest brought about by the prompt administration of a dose or two of drastic criticism. We will not analytically dissect *A Description of the Manchester Waterworks*, but we must say that it is a conspicuous instance of the nonsense which so many men, ordinarily sensible enough, commit, when they are seized with that mysterious itch to be an author—and especially a poet—which is universal. Still stranger than the fact how many people want to write, is the fact how few people can write; and strangest of all is the blind admiration which they temporarily feel for the poor production of their want of genius. The author of this little pamphlet is evidently unaware that there is such a thing as prosody—that rhyme must be in measured syllables, systematically arranged—that corresponding lines must be of the same length—that proper names are, generally speaking, vilely discordant and intractable—and that a categorical description of the cost, construction, and nomenclature of the various parts of the Manchester Waterworks, is about as unlikely a theme for poetry as he could have selected. We don't think any worse of the author for the exhibition he has made of the inside of his writing-desk, because we know it is an absurdity of which the most sensible men are capable; but we cannot help regretting, for his own peace of mind's sake and the sake of his chances at his next election, that his rhyme has been suffered to be published to a scoffing world.

[STUDIES IN NATURAL HISTORY.]

THE BOY IN THE STREETS.

YEARS ago, at our Debating Society, where we used to decide whether Auburn was really the loveliest village of the plain, and to discuss other similarly practical questions which were supposed to be clamorous for settlement, our dear old chairman, who was a clergyman, always incited the disputants to the combat by remarking "that the essayist had opened a wide field for discussion." This and no other was the invariable preamble. What would my reverend friend, now no more, have said to me if I had told him that I was about to discuss so very wide a topic as the boy in the streets? Might he not have said, "My dear Emmerson (I merely use this name to throw people off the scent), the street boy is the widest field the portals or gates of which have yet been opened unto you. Nevertheless enter in, with your flocks and your herds, your he-goats and your she-goats, and possess it."

Like the late Sir Robert Peel, I have three courses open to me in approaching my business in a morning. There is the old Stinkleton Road, and the new Stinkleton Road, and Canongate. The City Road I do not count as a thoroughfare at all, except for bats, vampires, ghouls, and second-hand dealers in inferior ordure; as it is blocked up by the stenches of the Corporation at Sadthorn, and the Officer of Health, and the City Surveyor, and the pundits of the Corporation generally are prepared with affidavits to show that Sadthorn is a blessing and not a curse to the poor wretches who have to gasp out their lives in its vicinity. I generally take the old Stinkleton Road, which leads me into Canongate, and directly into the neighbourhood of the street boys, whose gambols and eccentricities always help to relieve that which would otherwise be a rather uninteresting promenade. I meet with outlying detachments of them about St. Georgie's and the barracks, where they wait for the "sojers" and whip tops; where, also, they keep company with irresponsible and pauper dogs; where they burst off suddenly into wild

snatches of song until the melody is lashed out of them by a passing cabman. But I make little account of these scouts. The cream of the entertainment is, after all, in Canongate, after you have passed the hay and straw shop and the cold refreshment shop—the sections of pie and underdone pork in which, at that early hour in the morning, are assuredly not very palatable. I am certain to meet with "one of 'em" immediately after the cold pie shop, if, indeed, he be not flattening his nose against the pane which divides him from the pie, just as the angel kept his first parents from Paradise. I have sometimes felt that I should like to give the street boy a taste of the pie, if he might not about as feasibly have the intervening pane in his stomach as the pie. There is a disposition in my boy to invert himself on the approach of coinage of any sort—expressed or understood—so that his poor little legs look like the horns of a dilemma, or something of that sort, and as if society were, with respect to him, so decidedly topsy-turvy that he ought to make haste to put himself into concord with society, by bringing his brains on to the dirty pavement and letting his soles soar towards the empyrean. If only he could raise himself in the world that way, perhaps it would be better for him than to remain as he is at present.

I shall not advert at length to his trousers, or to the skilful method in which they are attached to the main edifice of his system, as that would not be polite. Birmingham he is certainly not indebted to for buttons, and as to hooks and eyes in a metallic form, he is innocent entirely. I am in hopes that Birmingham, through Mr. George Dixon, may, however, still afford him a better help than buttons. A clean white section of his poor little carcase—that which a cannibal would call a nice cut of the sirloin—gleams through his rags—poor little sucking pig that he is; he ought to have a lemon between his teeth in order to complete the simile. As to square precepts against casual charity, I can no more help giving that boy a penny than I can help expectorating when I pass Sadthorn, or cursing the inflated humbugs who pretend that Sadthorns are inevitable. I have been much impressed with the attraction that a recumbent cabhorse has for the street boys. The animal lies or is driven down, and, although a moment previous the horizon may have been free from street boys, yet in a minute afterwards they swarm around the prone quadruped, as if they were his kinsfolk and had come to see if he had remembered them in his will. Perhaps they take the will for the deed. At all events, they have probably as much to expect from the horse as from any other living creature. When the word goes round that it will be advisable to "sit on his head," they are all eager to take a seat at once, but the cabman generally resents their interference and lays into them with his whip or his fists, as an interim occupation for his lash until the wretched horse is set up again, when the habitual walloping recommences.

When I, as a natural historian, am directed to the busy bee—which improves each shining hour, and gathers honey all the day from every opening flower, as a sampler of thrifty occupation—I cannot help remarking that the busy bee, as compared with these street boys, has decidedly the best end of the stick. What shining hours or opening flowers have these boys to make use of? They hail from a fetid cellar, where the only shine is the draining of a convenient cesspool, and their "opening flower" is the malediction of the parents, who swear them into the world and would as readily swear them out of it if they could. Should disease invade their pestiferous habitation, and the scythe of the remorseless mower sweep them off in a long swath, who, that regards intelligently their deaths as against the unhappy possibilities of their lives, can be such a hypocrite as to put on a hatband for them? If their fathers and mothers can spare them for this Arab life, which we perceive that they lead from day to day in the streets, could nothing be done to utilize for them this now perilous leisure? I will not be beaten down by the statistics of either Lord Robert Montagu or of Mr. Baines, M.P. I refuse to be pecked at by daws, either in Oxford cassock, Geneva gown, or Papal stole. I will not be affrighted by the bugbear of compulsion. For these boys compulsion is imminent, in the shape of a functionary in blue coat, zinc buttons, and a waterproof cape, who is always bragging about information which he has received, and who nowadays is considered the "ultima ratio regum." I want these boys also to receive some information; if without compulsion so much the better, but *with* compulsion if no other way be practicable. Their condition is to me the saddest and most grievous spectacle in England at this moment. I do not say that to retrieve them is an easy task. It is some relief to find politicians and theologians fighting over their heads in furious strife, but with good wills and intentions towards these boys, for wrongheadedness is not inconsistent with earnestness, and out of all these conflicting elements there may emerge a sunnier epoch for the street boy. So arouse ye then, my merry merry men, and let us see what can be done!

One word on the religious question to my friends of the Education League. We differ terribly in our readings of the will of the Great Supreme, but we strive, some of us, out of the surrounding darkness, to get by the aid of the weak lights we possess, at that sublime arbitrament. Do we believe—can we believe—that the reference of religious teaching of any kind to the parents and guardians of these street boys is a reasonable enterprise? Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles? It would be affectation to pretend to pause for a reply.

THE FRENCH AND ENGLISH WRESTLERS.

As soon as the thousands, who are necessary to form an appreciable audience in the enormous arched hall which Mr. Reilly has designed and constructed at the Pomona Gardens, had assembled, the champions of the two countries and our own county filed in, dressed in the light uniform of the arena, and made their bow to the spectators. This and the cheer of welcome over, they again retired behind the scenes, and Messieurs Dubois, jèune, and Bouches, the two young French light-weight lutteurs, at once stepped on the platform to illustrate the French system of wrestling, and lost no time in commencing the preliminary badinage with which they prelude the real struggle.

No little curiosity was about to be gratified, as was evident from the animated palavers of knots, not only of eager sight-seers, but of well-known athletes and pedestrians, both professional and amateur, who have made the district famous over England. And most excited of all were the keen Cumberland and Westmoreland settlers, who to a man were ready to back their idols, Jamieson and Wright, against the world, far less France. They, however, ignored somewhat contemptuously every style but that of their native counties. The Lancashire section, again, were confident that Bentley and Robinson, their own sturdy little champions, could give a beating and two or three stone to Frenchmen who were not of too crushing a ponderosity. It will be remembered that in the exciting international match in London, the respective champions won each a bout in their own style, while the final one was the gift of fortune to the Frenchmen, who, winning the toss for choice of style, were declared victors of the match. The question now was which, as they got used to the rival style, by mastering it and their antagonists soonest, should prove themselves really the better men. It was soon to be proved this evening.

The young Frenchmen showed all the elegance of gesture and the

intense theatrical genius which is unable to omit a single opportunity for showinesss and ambitious—somewhat exaggerated—stage effect, so characteristic of their nation. When they had at last gripped each other in earnest by the wrists, and had made various quick feints and attempts to steal a march on each other, which were mutually foiled, they both fell struggling to the ground. Here the real tussle began. The point aimed at was to bring the antagonist on his back with both shoulders touching the ground at once. A favourite trick was for one suddenly to seize the other by the back of the head and send him flying over *his* head. When it seemed that he must infallibly come down on the stage full on his back, he would, with a dexterous wriggle round, land on his chest, and either at once play his adversary a similar trick or commence a sudden and fresh attack. Anon one would seem to make an impetuous effort to force off the other's head, or twist his arms underneath, or to roll him over bodily, but for a long time these sleights of limb were triumphantly eluded in a manner that often called down a cheer. They struggled all over the platform, rolling, writhing, and twisting. Sometimes one would throw the other over on his back, and, suddenly getting uppermost, try to force down the shoulders which only the head and heels supported, the body forming an arch with these for its supports. But in vain. He was sure to escape, almost by magic, and come down on his chest. Over him the uppermost would then strike a gladiatorial attitude, with extended arm and leg, and, like a cat over a mouse, would wait for the slightest indication of a movement. It came to be a question of "last," and Dubois jeunè, who was the heavier and bigger, finally forced down Bouche's shoulders, after a clever *coup*, and was proclaimed by the little herald Mercury of the evening—a Triton on dry land for the occasion—to whom a speaking-trumpet would have been of great use, as winner of that fall.

These were followed by Graham and Beeby, the two young Cumbrian light-weights, the former of whom wore a champion's belt. Their shy but manly appearance was in striking contrast to the confidence and dancing-master manœuvres of the young lutteurs. They soon got a hold, and into their minute or two's agony of exertion was crowded far more excitement and enthusiasm than in an hour's toil of the French kind. After each winning a fall Graham gained the final, and they left the stage clear for Messrs. Dubois, ainè, and Le Bœuf, the two French heavy-very-heavy-weights. The former is a bulky nineteen-stone mountain of a man, with an enormous chest and more enormous paunch. But there is no mistake about his build. One look at his chest and shoulders shows that he is of a Herculean not Falstaffian type. M. Le Bœuf is an elderly man with a pleasant face, and as gracious and handsome a build of the round, slightly fleshy, muscular sort as ever stripped. The struggle between these two had a touch of the terrible about it, and brought out instances of litheness and quickness unexpected in men of their kidney. It was amazing to see a nineteen-stone man spin lightly round on his head and come down like a feather on his chest. The tactics were the same as those employed by the lighter weights; but the size, strength, and "last" of Dubois gained him a victory over Le Bœuf. This part of the programme wound up with a bout between Jamieson and Wright, old opponents and old favourites in Manchester, as well as in bonnie Cumberland. The strength, weight, and skill of the former, who looked thinner than when he appeared at the last meeting at the Amphitheatre, were now, as on previous occasions, too much for the fine style and science of Wright, who is a model of a symmetrical frame. After a fall each and a dogfall, Jamieson scored the final, and both retired amidst a storm of cheers.

Next came some good and powerful music, a general break up into coteries of palaverers who discussed the doings and the styles of each nation, the Lancashire men being eager for the county champions to show whether we manage these things better in Lancashire or in France. They evidently anticipated a lesson for the Frenchmen, and after much beer had gone the way appointed to it, Bentley and Robinson, the two "Lancashire lads," with little ado and much straightforward and taking simplicity of manner, tried to tempt each other into giving a chance for an effective grip. When they did get to work, and after some abortive upright locking and dodging, fell together, they vindicated the honour of the county, and gave the Frenchmen such a display of real genuine stamina, gameness, work, and skill, as fairly astonished them and electrified the audience. Repeatedly they had to stop to have the perspiration wiped from them. Repeatedly they were cheered. And more determinedly they buckled to again. Their tussle was the great hit of the evening, and that in the face of the prestige of the heroes. There is no doubt that their display will go a long way to lift Lancashire wrestling into the general repute, fame, and recognition which it deserves, but which it does not now possess. Here have the Frenchmen been astonishing the natives in London by what is after all merely a clipt Lancashire style. The French forbid catching hold of the legs; we in Lancashire allow it and the use of any means of fairly throwing an adversary. Both require that the two shoulders touch the ground at once. Not only did the two "lads" eclipse the dexterity, the acrobatic-like sleights of limb and magic elusiveness, so to speak, of the Gauls, but did it with a neatness, a naturalness, a quickness, a clearness, and a steady set determination and endurance which they lacked. More, the greater scope of their style made some of their hairbreadth escapes more wonderful still. For instance, one would lift the legs of the other up, and this other be merely standing on his hands, yet it was impossible to throw him over. In the end, Bentley, the champion—the champions always did win this night—won the final fall. "Très bien," was the French verdict, pronounced with a solemnity of emphasis.

The remaining part of the programme called out plenty of excitement, but is soon described. Dubois, jèune, *v.* Graham, in the French style, was almost Charles *v.* Orlando over again from *As You Like It*. The English "lad" took the Frenchman's "pantomime" very coolly, baffled all his showy efforts, and finally, by dint of sheer determination and desperate effort, beat the Gallic cock on his own walk. Wright, who has not caught the knack of defence, was defeated by Dubois, ainè, in the French style. M. Dubois, as he struck an exalting attitude over his much smaller prostrate adversary, reminded us strongly of Mr. Briggs, in *Punch*, exulting over the small foal he had "tamed." Jamieson threw Le Bœuf in the English style—whom could he not throw—letting him gently down and at once helping him up, but, after a severe and to him evidently very amusing struggle, was thrown in the French style.

Our conviction, deliberate and uninvidious, is that French strength, weight, and bulk, however shapely, are not a match for the sinewy muscularity, untiring endurance, and dogged energy of their English antagonists in any style, even their own, for a little careful practice in Lancashire would enable the latter to meet the French on equal terms as regards science. But, that these are fine strong men, and magnificent wrestlers, we, Lancashire though we be—nay, rather because we be—will be the last to deny. It seems to us that, after all, we owe much to our temperament. Even though manner and manliness, to say nothing of predilection and old acquaintance, were on the side of the English, and their dramatic action against the French, the latter received as fair and hearty applause as if they had been Englishmen.

SOUTHPORT IN WINTER.

WHENEVER we visit Southport in mid-winter, we always find ourselves wondering how the Southport people live. "Apartments" in every window; nobody in any shop; unridden donkeys; stationary cabs; a few ancient mariners; cold shrimpers; and empty bathing machines. Our first sensation is that of utter discomfort. We are sorry we came. The shivering cabmen make us feel worse, and although we have a very short distance to go, we signal to one, out of sheer compassion, and request him to drive us to our rooms. He seems to know where we are going before we tell him, and to ask him if he knows the house when we have told him, is to stab his sensitiveness to the quick. "If *I* don't know it, there aint a driver in this town as do;" is the form of the rebuke that follows our thoughtless inquiry, and as we nestle into the corner of the damp, shabby cab, we are ashamed of having inflicted unnecessary pain on our tender Jehu. We have scarcely discovered a comfortable position, when the chariot stops in front of the habitation, where we have made arrangements to reside for three days, provided we pay for seven. *That's* partly how the Southport people live. We paid our fare and requested the cabby to do us the honour of warming himself at our expense. Later in the day, we had good reasons for believing that his favourite mode of increasing the supply of caloric in his system, was by imbibing rum as often as circumstances would allow. *That's* partly how some of the Southport people die. We inspected the rooms, we inspected the landlady, and we

inspected ourselves. Each inspection afforded us a certain satisfaction. The rooms were comfortable, the landlady was comfortable, and we were comfortable. We found no material difference between living inside the house in Southport, and living in the house in Manchester. Similar articles of furniture, nothing very unusual in pictures, brownish green grass in front, and precisely the same form of combustion going on in the grate.

But we didn't come to sit over the fire, so we order tea in an hour, and go out. Twilight is coming on, and the streets are nearly deserted. There is a cold wind coming from the sea, bringing with it low clouds and drizzling rain. Nursemaids are hurrying home the rosy-cheeked children; and invalids are going in for the night. Drowsy shopkeepers are lighting the gas, and errand boys are dozing over scraps of newspaper bearing upon the Waterloo Cup. We pass through the market. There are sounds of voices, pattering of feet, a chopping and sawing of bones, rattling of scales, and a dull rumble of the inanimate and animate. We find ourselves bounded on the north by apples and oranges, on the south by toys and china, on the east by almost everything one can want, and on the west by meat. The smell is very satisfying, and we seek the promenade. From end to end we plough our way through the wind and drizzle, and see no one. The sea is a mile off, but over the sand there comes a ceaseless sound like the "dull roar of a people in their wrath," and through the gathering darkness we can yet trace the white line of foam that the waves throw around the shore. There is the long iron pier stretching out into the foaming waters, looking very unsubstantial and very ugly; and the line of bow-windowed houses that seem to watch the sea in its eternal labourings; and to mark the, thus far and no farther. We return home and try to persuade ourselves we are enjoying the seaside.

An hour by the fire, and out into the night. There is darkness upon the face of the waters and a cold gloom upon the face of the earth. The poor feeble lamps do their best to impart a cheerfulness to the streets, but they look like ghostly smiles on the wet pavement, and seem to make the darkness wretched. Up the promenade, and down the promenade, we hurry on, listening to the wind and waves; looking at the broken sky; glancing along the square patches of light in the long black terraces; wondering if we shall get robust on sighs and shivers, and whether bed-time will ever come. We grow sick of the wind and tired of the walk. Then comes that point when a change is a necessity. It is too early to retire. The spirit of the explorer enters us, and we explore. There are three hotels on the promenade; we determine to look into them, and see if there are faces in the gas-light we have seen before; and so first into the Victoria in the centre, then into the Royal on the left, and finally into the Queen's on the right, we are carried away in search of company or comfort, freshness or friends. The scenes are very similar. In each hotel we find a bar and a billiard room. Each bar has its attraction and its regular visitors; each billiard room has its two tables and its regular players. The bars are furnished with old men, and the billiard rooms with young. In the former we see here, as elsewhere, the steady toper in his accustomed place, with his accustomed clay; the antique gallant breathing into the ear of the barmaid compliments that have passed his lips hundreds of times before; the stranger, whose conversation is composed of questions; the old inhabitant, whose conversation is composed of answers; the youth who dreams of the barmaid; and the jolly old spinner, who has come down for a week's fuddle, and lives on the spot. In the billiard room everything is different. There is a seriousness about the players, an expectancy about the lookers on. A stillness at times, indicative of momentous operations; at others a burst of exclamations, indicative of gratification. Then there is the monotonous buzz of conversation, and, above all, the voice of the markers as they call the game. In both the bar and the billiard room there are faces we have seen before, here and elsewhere. Workers in cotton, who count their thousands and keep them; professional men, who have come to rest the brain that supports the body; spendthrift sons of miser sires, melting foolishly the gold that was so foolishly hoarded; human flotsam and jetsam we meet everywhere, but know nowhere; and the well-to-do townsman who has a chair in the bar named after him. And so in greeting those we know, and watching those that play, and ordering beer we never touch and wine we only sip, we pass through the hours till the clocks strike ten; then we walk out into the darkness, and the boisterous wind and the driven rain, and grope our way to that fourth door from the top, glad that the first day is ended.

Sunday morning comes, and with it storm. Dark masses of clouds are hurrying across the clear green sky, driven along by the fierce pitiless wind that comes upon the land like the angry respiration of the sea. As the unsatisfied hurricane leaves the roaring and maddened waters that margin their limits with broken lines of foam, it sweeps onwards in its wild phrensy over the broad stretches of dried sands, bearing away from them clouds of dust that seem glad to escape from the cold returning tide. Those who have ventured out are doubled and twisted by the wind; hats are flying in the air, and bare heads are rushing about in pursuit. The weak are literally blown along, and the fresh inlander who has come here for the day looks helplessly miserable; blinded by the ceaseless shower of sand, and wearied by the ceaseless battling with the wind. The doors of the confirmed invalids are closed. There will be a continuous howling of wind in their chimneys, and a succession of fierce gusts against their windows; but no seaside pleasure for them to-day. The noses of the dyspeptic are savagely red; the cheeks of the children are purple with cold. Helplessness and discomfort are the feelings that possess us, but we try vainly to look as if we were enjoying ourselves extravagantly, and drinking in health at every breath. The bells of Christ Church have no chance; on one side the town they are unheard, on the other side unheeded. Still Sunday in Southport is a field day, and a storm will not empty the churches or clear the promenade at noon. We continue to walk in spite of it. We struggle along from the park to the Palace, but not beyond. We look towards Churchtown, but that is all. There is too much drifting sand between us; and so we do not visit, as is our wont, the church and the hostelry that stand there side by side. In the new park there are walks and waters, and mounds, and arbors, and lodges, and rockeries; but nothing green. The whole place is brown with sand, and the very geese seem miserable. In aristocratic Birkdale it is the same. The lawns and ornamental gardens round the little mansions are strewn with the sand blown from the shore, and the feeble shrubs seem to wrestle with the mighty wind that threatens to tear them from their roots. We look out from the gardens of the Palace upon the beach, where the sea once came, but which now knows it no more; and we enter the large comfortable building to rest after our long battling with the storm. The hotels seem quiet, yet there are columns of names in the local *Visitor* that show us there are still many strangers in the town. We wonder to ourselves why they came, and where they are; and we think if they have never seen Southport in the summer, how little inclined they will be to visit it again. And so the day wears on, till once more the tide comes creeping up, and the darkness steals around, and the church bells call their worshippers, and the hearth stones draw their circles, and we walk out again into the tempest to see its work. We look out upon the sea with bated breath, and wonder how men can be found to brave such horrors. In it and around it there is a mystery full of threatenings and wild tumult. The stars flash between the passing masses of black clouds, but the sky is moonless and dark. The splashing and deep roar of the disturbed ocean, and the mad howlings of the fierce blast, mingle in one long diapason of confused sounds, that make us shudder when we think of the ship we saw on the horizon before the sun went down. Yonder line of lights on the right are shining on the Lytham promenade, and that one solitary gleam in front is the light at the end of the Southport pier, a mile away. Except these all is darkness seaward, and even the lamps on the promenade here are extinguished. Here and there we may sometimes see dark indistinct figures passing quickly along, and then silently disappearing in the gloom; but soon the streets are deserted, and the elements are left to battle through the night, and the lifeboatman to keep his look out till the dawn, and the watchman to go on his lonely beat, and the Sabbath to pass slowly through its last hours.

Monday morning comes, and seaward all is fog and wet sand. There is the distant roar of the ocean which cannot be seen, but a dull gloomy calm is over the earth. The storm has done its work. There are drifting wrecks along the coast, and the lifeboat has gone away in search. At noon it returns, and men ask what has been found in the fog; and there are rumours of death and disaster. Still we walk about, and meet sickly looking people who love to speak of their ailments, as all sick people do; and strong healthy people, who seem to have but one aim in life—to create an appetite; and young merchants' sons, who seem to have no aim but to spend money; and rosy-cheeked girls, that look tempting as ripe cherries; and little children, that play with the sand and pebbles on the shore. We feel fresher and stronger than when we came, but the enjoyment has not been much. We have looked at the town, and the sky, and the sea, and the sandhills, till we have grown tired of them; yet when the morrow morning comes, with its sharp frost and sunshine and calm, we regret that we cannot remain another month, and make a solemn vow to come again.

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THE FIRST BISHOP OF MANCHESTER.

THE Rev. Dr. C. J. Vaughan sends to the (London) *Guardian* a letter from Canon Westcott concerning the Right Rev. J. Prince Lee, the late bishop of Manchester. It has reference mainly to Dr. Lee's "unsurpassed power as a teacher, in the noblest use of the title," but also contains some account of him in his late years. Canon Westcott, who was one of his pupils at King Edward's School, Birmingham, says:—

You have seen from old time what was and is the devotion of "Birmingham men" to their former master. for Harrow has numbered many of them among her teachers; but I almost despair of explaining how it was created in us. It certainly did not come from the acceptance of definite opinions, for we were almost forced to be independent: nor yet from the recollection of instruction in detail, for our instruction in this respect was even desultory and irregular; but it was rather kindled (no other image will convey my meaning) by contact with a mind which revealed to us in every lesson that intellectual and moral warmth which is the evidence and the source of the highest life. We recognised magnificent power, wide interests, large sympathy, inexhaustible freshness, stern justice, and, above all, an invincible faith in the laws of thought and in the laws of language. It often happened that some delicate phrase was explained to us in different ways: perhaps we forgot the special interpretations, but we never forgot the conviction which was conveyed to us through them that every detail of language, every peculiarity of idiom and vocabulary includes within it a treasure which patience may discover and appropriate. It was in this way that the Bishop of Manchester produced among us an enthusiasm for work which he himself rejoiced to trust. He made us feel that there was something which we could do, and not only something which we could receive. He familiarised us with the original sources of criticism and history by giving us free access to his splendid library. He encouraged us by his breadth of illustration to make every individual taste minister some element to the fulness of our common work. He enabled us to see that scholarship is nothing less than one method of dealing with the whole problem of human existence, in which art and truth and goodness are inextricably combined.

To animate and control a mixed school like that at Birmingham requires a singular combination of strength and tenderness; and some of us who were privileged to know our master's love were at times perplexed by his sternness. Later experience has enabled me to harmonise these opposite characteristics completely. No one, I believe, ever regarded those working around him more keenly or sagaciously than the Bishop of Manchester: no one ever had a more sensitive apprehension of injustice or disloyalty. He was reticent, while he only waited for the opportunity to reward. He was filled with righteous anger when he believed that a trust had been violated. "I thought," one of his assistant-masters once said to me, "that I had worked wholly unnoticed, and was inclined to murmur, till on receiving a testimonial from Lee I found that the special points for which I took credit to myself were emphatically stated in my favour."

In later times, when it was my happiness to visit the Bishop while he was engaged in his last great work, I must confess that to me he still remained the master whom I had known as a boy. He spoke, indeed, often and with the deepest interest of the growth of Church life in his vast diocese: he spoke of the difficulties by which he was beset without one tone of bitterness, and only so far as to satisfy me that if he had felt at liberty to explain at length the grounds of his conduct, when his wisdom was most questioned, popular opinion would have been very different; but still he was never unwilling to talk of school work, and even to give advice on details of teaching and discipline which were submitted to him.

My last visit to Mauldeth was in 1866. The health of the Bishop was already greatly shaken, but his intellectual power was never greater. In his intervals of leisure he returned to each old topic of interest. Now it was the famous variation in Luke ii. 14; now the almost prophetic character of Æschylus, on whom I happened to be busily working at the time; now a volume of sketches from old masters, in which he showed me the outline of Thorwaldsen's famous "Night" (owl and all), already given in a drawing (unless I am mistaken) by one of the Carnecci; now it was the work of Arnold, on which he delighted to dwell with loving admiration; now some aspect of diocesan labour in which he saw a bright promise of hope. One evening I can never forget. We had dined alone. There had been the usual rich variety of subjects in his conversation, playful quotations from Thucydides and Aristophanes and Virgil, in memory of school days; a clear summary of the latest results of the explorations in Palestine, an estimate of the moral influence of Shakspeare (which to my surprise he judged somewhat unfavourably). As the evening closed in, the topics became graver. We spoke of some of the difficulties of belief: of future punishment, and in illustration of the instinctive promptings of the heart he quoted the line, which he always called one of the noblest ever written, 'virtutem videant intabescantque relictâ' of modern critical theories, and here only he allowed himself to use stern severity in condemning some untrained and hasty speculators. Then came a long and solemn pause, while his thoughts, I fancy, no less than mine were pondering on the relation of Biblical controversies to the fulness of Christian faith. At last the Bishop turned his eyes on me—they were overflowing with tears—with a look which clings to me now, and said only this: "Ah! Westcott, *me phobou, monon pisteue*, (Be not afraid, only believe)—Mark v. 36. It was enough. The words has risen again and again before me in times of anxiety and doubt, charged for ever with a new force; and what would I not give if I could convey to others the impression which they conveyed to me, crowning with the grace of complete self-surrender and childlike faith the character which through long years I had learned to revere and love for power, for breadth, for insight, for justice, for sympathy!

An Irish emigrant hearing the sunset gun at Portsmouth, asked a sailor, "What's that?"—"Why, that's sunset," was the reply. "Sunset!" exclaimed Pat; "and does the sun go down in this country with such a bang as that?"

A Quakeress said recently to a friend, in reference to the Quaker formula of marriage, "It is true I did not promise to obey when I was married; but I might as well have done so, for I had to do it."

DRINK AND ITS ADULTERATIONS.—The direct connection of drunkenness with insufficient food is now an acknowledged fact, but it is only one cause amongst many, The adulterations of beer and spirits, according to the inexorable laws of "competition in business" (Hon. J. Bright), by which thirst is stimulated, but never quenched—and the tainted water supply which drives the working man from his home to the nearest public-house, are no less potent in the causation of intemperance and its train of disease.—*Food Journal*

BUTTER-MILK.—A good deal of attention has been paid by Dr. Bellot, of Rotterdam, and Professor Simon Thomas, to the introduction of butter-milk as food for very young children, in conjunction with rice or wheat flour. Besides being easier of digestion, it is cheaper, and less liable to adulteration than milk from the cow. Dr. Van Maanen, of Barneveld, says that butter-milk is invariably used by the children of that district, and with the best effects. They get through their infantile disorders with wonderful celerity. Scrofula is unknown, and the bills of mortality are reduced to a minimum, all owing, according to the Doctor, to the use of butter-milk.—*Food Journal.*

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

PUZZLE.—Most of the gentlemen named in the list are journalists of eminence or men of letters, and the anonymous system is alone to blame for the fact that they are unknown to the public.

ANONYMOUS (Exchange and Alderman).—No doubt there is good cause for resentment, but the subject is an unsavoury one and we would rather eschew it.

Communications should be addressed to the Editor, *Sphinx* Office, 37, Oxford Street, Manchester. Every manuscript should bear the name and address of the sender. All contributions are attentively considered, and unaccepted MSS. are returned on receipt of stamps for postage. No replies or MSS. can be delivered on personal application.

Business communications and advertisements should be addressed to Messrs. J. G. KERSHAW & Co., "Main" Printing Offices, 37, Oxford-st Manchester.

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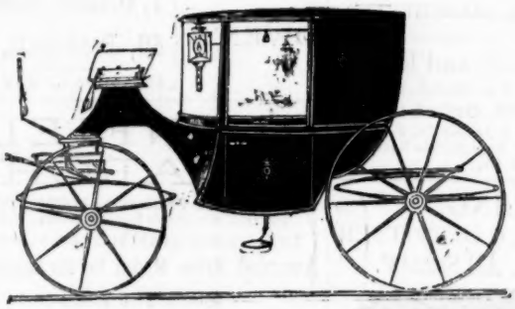

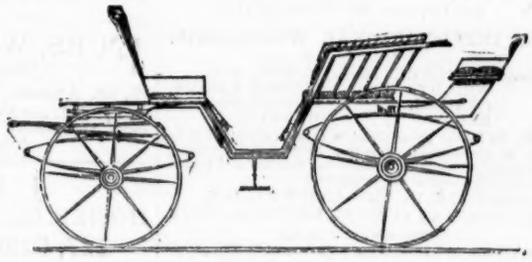

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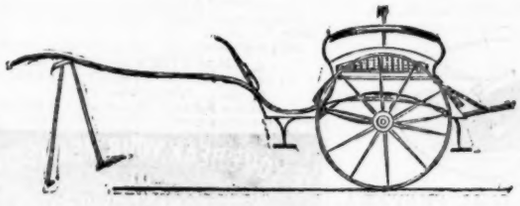

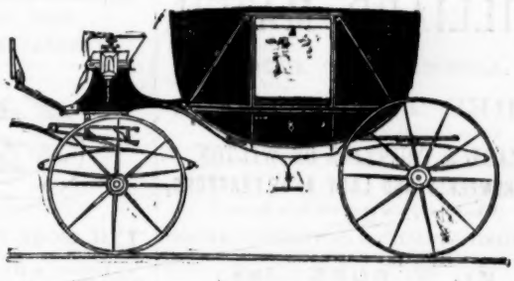

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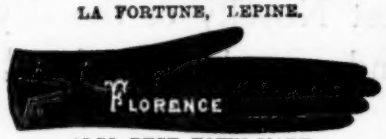

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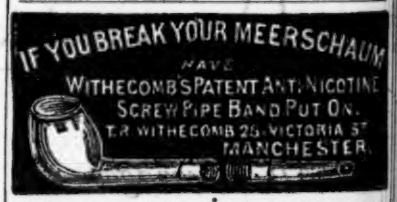

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